

CANADIAN STUDENTS ORGANIZE

To Petition Premier
Bennett On Selection
Of Geneva Delegates

First Step Toward Making Requests Regarding Representation and Nomination of Canadians for Disarmament Conference, Taken at Western University — McGill Undergraduates Launch Attack Today — First Mass Meeting at Moyse Hall Monday Evening — Dr. Mack Eastman and Lt.-Col. R. P. Meredith to Address Opening Function—Sir Arthur Currie to Introduce Speaker

Throughout Canada, a student movement of tremendous proportions is under way. "A mari usque ad mare", in very fact, from sea to sea, students at Canadian colleges and universities are associating themselves with a movement, the ultimate object of which is to make for world peace.

The present objective, however, is neither so general or so distant; for Canada's men and women, who are preparing themselves for the duties of life in the broadest and most exacting sense, are joining in one powerful band to petition the Prime Minister of Canada, Richard Bedford Bennett, to ask that Canada be represented at the disarmament conference at Geneva in February, not by men humbled before the Canadian people and all the peoples of the world by political chains, but by "two who have served their country as prime ministers, whose presence would both give weight to Canadian representations and reflect the serious thought of our best citizens."

Coolly Determined.

The impetus to this movement is a matter of history. For weeks now students of the committees at practically all colleges in the country have met, not heatedly or as inspired, but with cool determination to carry through a deserving cause.

The first salient was made at University of Western Ontario, where the movement was launched last week. Today, students of McGill University launch their own part of this movement, and, it is reported,

The Principal's Dictum

General Sir Arthur W. Currie, principal of McGill University, is reported in *Interdependence*, a quarterly Review published by the League of Nations Society in Canada, as follows:

"The next disarmament conference must succeed. If it fails—that is, if it does not ensure an honest and universal reduction in the actual killing and wounding power of arms—we shall see the downfall of our institutions and the end of Western civilization. Let me repeat that disarmament must be honest, must be mutual and must be universal. I appeal to the veterans of the Great War, to the youth of the world to see to it that your governments determine on disarmament now, for there will be no other chance."

the other universities of Canada, from east to west, are keeping abreast.

The text of the petition which will be presented to the Premier at the earliest possible moment, follows:

Text of Petition.

To the Right Honorable R. B. Bennett, P.C.,

Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada:

"The undersigned students in Canadian Universities, recognizing the gravity of the decisions which will be made at the Geneva Conference on Disarmament in February, 1932, and appreciating the responsibilities

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Workshop Plays

Belasco Cup Drama To Be Presented

The executive have chosen two one-act plays for the first presentation of the Workshop department to take place during the first week of November. Rehearsals have begun under the direction of Gordon LeClair and Hume Cronyn.

The first play is a comedy by the famous American novelist and playwright, Roland Petrie—"Evening Dress Indispensable." It deals with the absurd predicaments of a modern girl who inadvertently has developed a "Russian soul."

The second is a drama by Hall and Middelmiss, "The Valiant", dealing with the tragic last hour on earth of a condemned murderer. This play won the Belasco Cup in the International Little Theatre Tournament held in New York.

Between these two plays the Position Scene from *Romeo and Juliet* will be performed.

Students' Council
Reconsidered Plan
To Abolish Daily

Pioneer Canadian Campus Paper Survived Hazards Of 1912

MURRAY AND MORGAN
Early Editors Gave Unstintingly To Student Publication

BY ALGY NOAD '19
Just about twenty years ago, on Monday, October 2, 1911, to be exact, the first number of the *Daily* appeared. There had been before this time numerous college periodicals, the most notable of which, the weekly "Martlet," had run for several years with success, but none of them aspired to the status of a daily newspaper. It took the initiative of an unusually enterprising Students' Council and the spirit of an unusually responsive student body to bring about the event. Even these would have been powerless to produce it without the man of the hour. He was found in W. E. G. Murray, the "Bill" Murray whose name, within five years, had gathered round it in the reminiscences of Daily men a legend that is today one of the most persistent things in the life of the undergraduate paper.

Murray it was who founded the *Daily* and kept it going through its first and probably its most hazardous year. The project was no hasty or ill-timed one. In the year of 1911, the way had been paved by means of a canvass of the whole college, resulting in promises to subscribe from some seven hundred students. Since the price of a subscription was set at two dollars and a half, the editorial board could thus be assured of a tidy sum with which to begin operations. (Continued on Page Two)

Medical Magazine
Will Appear Soon

All Copy For First Issue In Printer's Hands

A new journalistic venture will make its appearance at McGill with the first issue of the *Medical Undergraduates' Journal* to appear about November 1. The magazine will contain symposia on various systems of Medical Education besides articles on anatomy, medicine, surgery and other subjects of the Medical curriculum. A literary section devoted entirely to poems and short stories will also be featured.

Articles in the magazine are to be purely undergraduate efforts. The journal is to be modelled on the type which is published by other medical schools with the exception that members of the staff will not be allowed to contribute except on invitation.

All copy for the forthcoming issue is already in the hands of the printers. Subscriptions at one dollar a year (four issues) are being sold to McGill students and the staffs of various Montreal hospitals.

Joyous Escapades
Abroad And Such

How a McGill Graduate Rose On The Boom

CAME THE DAWN

Of The Blue Herring, Anna May Wong, French Admirals.

By J. P. MANION '29

What does a young graduate do when he receives his degree at the beginning, or in the midst of, a big world-wide depression? In my humble estimation, that is one of the problems that is facing every one of you at the present moment, and causing you a considerable amount of anxiety.

I confess that I am no expert on this subject, but at least, I am one of those who clambered up on top of one of the biggest waves in the world just before it was destined to dash itself to pieces on the rocky shores of the great awakening of 1929. The New Era was not to be, and the world generally considered woke up with such a throbbing head that even a bromo—that most potent of palliatives—could not remedy the crushed and beaten drunkard.

My subject, as you will have noticed from the opening paragraph, is to be serious. But first I pray, let me indulge in a few personal reminiscences, facts which may act as a moral to my story—if such there be. And then, to misquote from "The Mikado":

"My object oh! serene,

J will achieve in time."

(Continued on Page Four)

Si Whiffletree Attends
Third Q'nq'n'l Reunion

The postman dropped the following welcome note into the basement window of the Union the other day. We are printing it herewith unedited. The author will be long remembered for the letters he wrote home from "Strathcona's hall". Their memory still brings a chuckle to Professor Leacock, author of a preface for Frank D. Genest who once upon a time edited Si's letters for publication. Mr. Whiffletree now hangs his shingle in Sims' Corner, Que. (Next the Fire Station).

The letter:

LAW OFFICES

OF

SI WHIFFLETREE

SIMS' CORNERS, QUE.

(Next to the Fire Station)

Oct. 10th, 1931.

Editor,
McGill Daily Newspaper Journal,
The McGill University College,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Ed:

You could have knocked me over

Gladstone Murray,
Founder Of Daily,
Sends His Message

Saw First Fruit Of Project
Mature Exactly Twenty
Years Ago

(From London, England, by Mail)
As the first Editor of the "McGill Daily", it gives me particular pleasure to congratulate you on your unflinching progress. It is twenty years ago this month since the project of the "McGill Daily" took final form. In the intervening period the paper has become not only an integral part of the life of the University but also a focus of inspiration and leadership. In recent years the scope of your editorial comment has been wisely extended to deal with subjects of national, imperial and world significance. The one aspect of general policy which appeals particularly to me and which I am glad to see increasingly ventilated in your columns, is the solidarity of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In a world in which traditions are being uprooted and economic development is in a

Daily Founder



W. E. G. MURRAY who in 1911 founded the "oldest college Daily" in Canada.

state of creeping paralysis, I believe that the future of civilization may well depend upon the joint action of the British Commonwealth of Nations. And in this partnership of public service the leadership soon will be assumed by Canada.

GLADSTONE MURRAY,
Savoy Hill, London.

McGills Never A Power
In Scotland; Our James
Won Fame Through Will

Former Daily Editor Reports Of Early Origins Of Bearers Of The Name — No Clan Of McGills Discovered — Name Means "Son of Servant".

BY T. MILES GORDON '27

The McGills were never a power in Scotland. There was no Clan McGill in the Highlands; no Lowland family of any importance bore the name. Even those optimistic gentlemen who scurried across the North Sea delivering exaggerated reports of Scottish man-power to an unhappy monarch at St. Germans never mentioned the McGills.

The origin of the name is uncertain. If he had so desired, an ingenious chronicler might have strung together a pretty legend connecting the McGills, Makgills, Magills and McGillies with that Earl Gill of the Western Isles who paid tribute in the tenth century to St. Sigurd of Orkney. But, since the family was so relatively unimportant, no one bothered. Anyway the name itself would suggest a more obvious derivation. In the Gaelic it simply means "son of the servant" and is one which may have arisen independently in a hundred places in the Celtic world.

However, it has borne by several persons of some importance and keeps cropping up from time to time in that long catalogue of raids and feuds and religious strife which is Scottish history.

Graduate
Events

10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Faculty

Buildings, Libraries and Museums open. Visit to Beauharnois Power Development.

12:30 to 2:30 p.m. McGill Table d'Hôte lunch on Plaza Mount Royal Hotel.

1 p.m. Luncheon for Past Presidents of McGill Union and the Students' Council in the Union.

2 p.m. Intercollegiate Track Meet at Molson Stadium.

7:30 p.m. Reunion Banquet at the Mount Royal Hotel. A luncheon for Women Graduates in the Windsor Women's Union Dinner at the Mount Royal Hotel.

From Confederation On
McGill Gave Leadership
To Canada's Parliament

Alexander Morris, First Graduate In Arts, Arranged Macdonald-Brown Interview, Which Resulted In Confederation—John J. C. Abbott Prominent In Pacific Scandal—Wilfrid Laurier Did Not Lead Class—Sir Adolphe P. Caron At Three Bars, In Three Parliaments—Charles J. Doherty Signed Treaty Of Versailles And Was Canada's Delegate To League Of Nations.

PHILIP GUEDALLA, writing of Palmerston and other young nobles at Cambridge in the early days of the nineteenth century, tells us that "these exquisites, the sons of peers, composed a little world. Abstaining wisely from matriculation in the University, they escaped proctorial discipline, and thus prepared themselves to govern England, unhindered by restraints appropriate to the humbler persons." But, with the passing of time customs and privileges changed, and when young McGill University began training men to govern Canada it required of them matriculation, examinations and degrees—those "restraints" which the nobility had once found so irksome. And there came from McGill to the Parliament of Canada some of its leading figures.

Morris Arranges Interview

Redpath Museum
Co-Eds Sanctum

Provided Accommodation For First Girls At McGill

R.V.C. CAME LATER

Past Quarter Century Seen As Bewildering Experience For Women

The reminiscences of a College Graduate nearly always presuppose comparison. Yesterday and today are forever irreconcilable. But beyond saying that we had more space and more time thirty years ago, no comparisons will be made on these rambling thoughts. We had more space because there were so few of us; the time is difficult to explain, even with Daylight Saving, there is undoubtedly less to-day.

The third McGill quinquennial Reunion will have a special significance for Women Graduates, because it is the occasion of the opening of the new wing of the Royal Victoria College. Thirty years ago, the opening of what is already called the "Old Building" set up the third milestone in the forward march of women at McGill. Just why women were relegated to the Redpath Museum when they were first admitted to McGill as students is difficult to explain to-day.

The authorities evidently soon realized this anomaly, and transferred the centre of Women Students' Activities to the east wing of the old Arts Building. In these austere surroundings, there grew up a rich tradition to which those of us who came after fell heir.

Matter of Daring

From its very opening the R.V.C. under the guidance of Miss Oakley, its first warden, exercised a most gracious influence on the women students of McGill. The spaciousness and dignity of our surroundings, together with the knowledge that we were among the first made us take a rather serious view of ourselves. We knew most of our predecessors by name, and many by fame. It was no light matter for a woman to go to McGill thirty years ago, and one was quite often made to suspect that she was not wanted at all. This was probably a blessing in disguise as it fostered a sense of daring that probably

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ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE
WING IS DECLARED OPEN

Marking a step in the progress of McGill, the new wing of the Royal Victoria College was formally opened yesterday afternoon. The guests of honor were Dr. Hilda Oakley, the first warden of R.V.C. who served from 1899 to 1905, and Professor Carrie Derick, lately retired from active teaching, who was one of the first women students of McGill.

On the three floors above the ground are the single rooms which are available for the senior students. Each are decorated for the individual taste of the resident, and has a bed, desk, bureau, and book shelf.

Tea followed the inspection, and the

reception continued with speeches by the guests of honor. Sir Arthur Currie opened the proceedings by giving Mrs. Vaughan a necklace with a tourmaline gem set in silver which was of Portuguese workmanship. This was donated by Miss Hurlbatt, a former warden of the college and was to be known as the Madelon Shaw Lefebvre Donation. Brief addresses were made by the guests of honor.

Alliance Francaise

At the meeting of the Alliance Francaise held last night at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, M. Paul Coze spoke on the customs of the Western Indians.

The Convocation of 1849 must have been strikingly different from that of the present day, for in that year there graduated the first student from the Faculty of Arts, Alexander Morris. Articled as a clerk to the then Mr. John A. Macdonald—a destined later to become the first Prime Minister of Canada and to include his young clerk in the Cabinet—Morris received the degree B.C.L. from McGill in 1850 and became a highly successful lawyer in Montreal. Elected to the Legislative Assembly of Canada in 1861 he became an early and forceful advocate of Confederation. It was Morris who arranged the now famous interview of June 17, 1864, between John A. Macdonald and George Brown, resulting in the formation of the Coalition Government which obtained the necessary Imperial legislation in order to bring about Confederation. Thus only was Confederation made possible, and Alexander Morris played a leading role in bringing it about. In 1869 he was named Minister of Inland Revenue in the Cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald, and three years later he became the first Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench of Manitoba. He left the Bench to become Lieutenant-Governor of that province. He negotiated numerous treaties with the Indians, whose confidence he succeeded in winning, and left Manitoba "reduced to order, and far advanced in settlement and in legislative progress." Morris was a Governor of McGill for several years. He died in 1885.

Introduced Insolvent Act

In the class of Law '54 there was a young man by the name of John J. C. Abbott who "greatly distinguished himself for his brilliancy, soundness and industry" at McGill. At the Bar he became a leading authority in commercial and constitutional law. Elected to the Legislative Assembly of Canada in 1859, he was Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Steeles Ministry of 1862-63. He introduced the celebrated Insolvent Act of 1864, which added materially to his legal reputation and standing until his practice grew to enormous proportions. He renewed his association with McGill University by accepting the positions of Dean of the Faculty of Law and Professor of the Principles of the Law of Contract and Obligations. He held these positions for many years and it was as such that he first met a young student named Wilfrid Laurier. Years later the two met again; the professor now was Prime Minister of Canada and Leader of the Conservative Party; the pupil was Leader of His Majesty's Opposition and of the Liberal Party.

Abbott sat in the House of Commons for twenty years. His shrewd counsel long stood the Conservative Party and the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was solicitor. In 1900, stand. As legal adviser to Sir Hugh Allan he was a prominent figure in the Pacific Scandal episode. All transactions concerning the affairs of Sir Hugh Allan were carried on through Abbott's law offices, and it was a confidential clerk of the latter who revealed the private deals, which when published, threw a bombshell into Canadian politics, and results in

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Sans Eyes, Sans Teeth, Sans Taste, Sans Everything

Can Nothing Be Done To Save The Stage From Being
Merely A Convenience?—School Of Practical
Dramatic Art Urged
(BY DAVID M. LEGATE, '27)

Beyond the present paragraph, this article will probably not be read. For it is concerned with the theatre. So much unadulterated tommy-rot has been written about the theatre today. This may not prove to be otherwise.

Let us see.

The intellectually alert of our land, supposedly, are deeply interested in the arts. Letters, the drama, painting and music—to cite but a few of the ingredients which form the meat of what we shall term temporarily our Canadian culture—generally depend for their sustenance upon those of us who, being university-bred men and women, are supposed to possess more than the average of cerebral convolutions. The life-force of the arts excites into feeding creatively those arts. A perpetual motion is thus set up, defying the more mundane tenets of mechanical science.

But something has happened within the space of the last few years. The universities have certainly been functioning. From their portals there have poured forth an even greater number of units charged to satiety by the educational generators. These units, as before, have been distributed throughout the nation. Yet something has happened!

Forgetting for the moment music and painting and literature, let us look to the drama. Some years ago sporadic outbursts were manifested at various points in the Dominion—"movements" they were labelled. Men and women had been seized with the theatre's paroxysm. Standards of acting had tumbled sadly away. The products of the dramatists were stamped either by effiteness or else by a compromising kind of filth. Let a crusade be organized, was the cry—a feeble protestation, if you like, but a cry had definitely been raised.

The process of resuscitation assumed the form of the Little Theatre. This had met with success in England and in America. Why not here, then? With playwrights, players, producers and spectators gathered within the confines of a small auditorium, the resulting atmosphere of intimacy would foster a keener mental co-operation. The sagging drama would be infused with a new spirit—away with bald commercialism. Art for art's sake!

What happened since is a matter of history today. To some of us at any rate. In common with most movements of the "uplift" variety, the Little Theatre notion took shallow root, withered here, blossomed feebly there. But the period of full bloom has so far been delayed. The Little Theatre, still exists, or persists,—"nurtured in the main" by societies whose membership is approximately twenty five per cent. sincere, five per cent. perverse.

Please understand that it is not my desire to pooh-pooh the idea itself, for the conception of a Little Theatre has a very substantial intrinsic value. It is in the execution of the idea that its proponents have strayed, I feel. Vanity, desire for emolument, petty dogmas, but, above all, lack of a proper schooling are the chief contributing factors.

The lack of proper schooling both in human nature and in the nature of the stage. This can be easily rectified. It is imperative that it be rectified. For the theatre is not merely a stamping ground on which the nation's young may prance about in their leisure hours. The theatre, quite on the contrary, is a serious affair. Wrapped up in its bosom are heaven-sent tools, which, judiciously welded, may be as great a force in the community as any other medium you might care to mention.

What is to be done? Since there are to be found in almost all our large centres men and women who delight in telling us what should be done, I propose to avoid the roles of prophet and counsellor. The aim of this article is to try and bestir bona fide thinkers, to wake them up and give the problem their undivided consideration.

Bona fide thinkers? You and I? Perhaps. Supposedly, yes.

Here is the problem. Superimposed upon it arises another problem. Why will not mentally-trained individuals display greater active interest in the theatre?

But the question to any university man or woman I have. Some with a shrug of the shoulder bewail the intrusion into our life of foreign ideals through the medium of travelling theatrical companies. Under existing conditions, they conclude, nothing can be done. Why, then, bother?

Others point to the overwhelming banality of the audible photoplay. In view of such an antagonistic octopus, any counter action must go for naught, they contend. Still more insist that the ordinary run of amateur societies should do the work. And to these, amateur societies are too amateur to warrant their attention.

I would be willing to wager that

Among Honoured Graduates Osler Is Ranked First

If the roll of our graduates were arranged in order of merit for fame and achievement it would probably be headed by the name of Sir William Osler. Certainly every medical graduate would give him first place and would rank him among the great physicians of history.

After two years in Medicine at Toronto he came here in 1870 because the clinical teaching was so much better at McGill than anywhere else. He made such an impression that, after graduating in '72 and spending two years in study abroad, he was appointed, at the early age of 25, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, namely physiology and pathology. He spent ten more years in Montreal, years of systematic hard work, teaching, investigating, and writing. His colleagues and other friends, of whom no one ever had more, all vainly tried to make a practitioner of him. It was no good. He would not keep office hours, but could always be found in the dead-house or wards of the General Hospital, or at the College. In 1875 he got a footing as a clinical teacher by taking charge of the small-pox wards at the General during the great epidemic. For this he was granted a much needed honorarium which he promptly "blew in" on a stock of microscopes for a voluntary class in histology and bacteriology conducted at first in the students' cloakroom on Saturdays until the Faculty saw the necessity of supplying him with a laboratory for practical physiology, the first to be established in America.

In 1884 Pennsylvania enticed away McGill's "potent ferment" with the bait of a clinical professorship, and he left here poor in pocket but with plenty of capital, as he expressed it, in his brain-pan. He spent five years there, fifteen in Baltimore, and his last years, 1905-1919, in Oxford as Regius Professor, with an always increasing reputation as a teacher, a consultant, and a beneficent personal influence. In his famous textbook, published in 1892, as well as in his many other writings, he constantly "quotes" his Montreal experience, thereby spreading the fame of McGill and the M.G.H. throughout the world. Always a loyal alumnus, he continued to be of practical service to his Alma Mater in many ways, and he crowned this devotion by bequeathing his unique library, and with it his ashes, to McGill.

For the Reunion a special exhibit of famous books has been arranged in the Osler Library, and in the Medical Museum a collection of his pathological specimens is displayed. It was largely on these and his published studies of them that his early international reputation was based.

head bald, that shone as any glass," thought him a very old man, much older than his years. But when he looked up and chuckled, over the Chaucerian jest he had been reading, how youthful the face was, how carefree and innocent!

To his students his knowledge seemed fabulous, and they revered him accordingly. Here was a person to whom Grimm's law presented no more difficulty than a crossword puzzle, who knew Moes's Gothic, Anglo-Saxon and several other languages, dead or living, besides the whole range of English Literature. The man was a monument of erudition, to whom the humble freshman scarcely dared lift his eyes. Then they discovered that this awe-inspiring super-man had not only delightful and endearing crochets and mannerisms, but that he, even as you and I, was susceptible to flattery, and that he was possessed of an almost boundless fund of naive and guileless vanity. But if they tried to capitalize these weaknesses, swift disappointment awaited them.

The Dean was a believer in the examination system and a meticulous examiner. Woe to the candidate that padded his answers, played tricks with English spelling, or misapplied his compass, inverted or otherwise. "Too much junketing," was his frequent verdict, when a failure tried confusedly to account for his below-pass mark. Then would follow the kindly pat on the shoulder, the inimitable smile, the assurance that it would be all right.

"Put another year into this, get up everything that you have been scamping, brush up your Latin and German a bit, and you will do famously." Was he Moyse or Charley? The bewildered student mused. Anyhow he would go to hear him read on Saturday morning in the Physics theatre. And he went and heard that glorious voice rolling out choice bits which ranged from Chaucer to Edward Lear, and when the storm of applause had died down he went away convinced that whether Moyse or Charley this man was the very choice of English Literature.

Devotional services are being conducted from 6:30 to 6:45 p.m. every day, except Saturday and Sunday, by the students of the United Theological college in the Chapel of the Divinity Hall on University St.

Students' Council Reconsiders Plan To Abolish Daily

(Continued from Page One)
ations in the fall. And when the first of the now-familiar sheets had been distributed, the undergraduate readers could feel that they now had a newspaper they might well be proud of. The formal was about what it has always been; only the type used in the headlines, and consequently the size and blackness of these, differed rather strikingly from what we know today. There was plenty of news—those were the days of authentic supermen in football and hockey—and it was well set forth, although four columns of advertising matter appeared on the front page.

Murray Forged Ahead
Four issues a week contented staff and public at first. By the end of the college year, however, the number had been raised to five, and with the opening of a second year of existence the paper became in very fact as well as in name a daily. Its success under Murray's editorship had been unquestioned. True, a considerable deficit had to be faced by the Council in the spring of 1912, but it was rightly felt that so much valuable experience had been gained, and so sound a foundation laid, that this financial loss should not be allowed to hinder the advancement of the undertaking.

Some of the headlines, and the articles under them, too, look strange across the interval of twenty years. Others have an oddly familiar outline. What do you think of this, for example?

Same Old Story
"Before a large and enthusiastic crowd on Saturday night the McGill and Harvard teams clashed in their fourth contest in six years. The game started off with a rush, and it soon became apparent that the Harvard team were in better condition than their opponents."

Harvard won that game by three goals to nil. And yet there are people who stubbornly maintain that history does not repeat itself!

The second year of the Daily's life, under the able guidance of W. Littleton Cassels, was fraught with some danger. In spite of active campaigning for subscriptions, the editors found it impossible to increase the income to a point where the paper was self-supporting. The appearance of a second deficit brought long faces round the Council board; a measure was proposed, and actually passed, the very idea of which today would be intolerable. The "McGill Daily" was to be abolished.

Evil Days Befell

It looked for a short time as though all the fine work of Murray and his successors was to go for nothing. Luckily, however, the matter was soon reconsidered, and the decision was reached to continue publication for another year, under a reign of strict economy. This reconsideration was a tribute to the importance of the part played in undergraduate life by the paper, which by now, as was recognized on all hands, had become indispensable.

The policy of economy had an immediate outcome of an unhappy sort. At the beginning of the 1913-14 season, with John Hall acting as President and the late Allen Oliver as Editor, friction developed between the Council and its official organ. As yet the relationship between the two was not satisfactorily defined, the editorial board feeling that autonomy in the management of its finances, within reason and a seat on the Council for (Continued on Page Three)

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Tired sodden earth, peaty and waste,
Torn from the breast of the world—
This greets the eye of the honest in
search
Of tomorrow and tomorrow's desserts.
Black upheaval of earth. . . .

Clean air of the West, and tinted
skies,
We may hope for, we may long for,
but what
Of the smoke and the ruin, the scud
of our lust?

What of the surfeit of luxury?
What of the price we must pay
When the debts of Nature are due
And our money is paper a-crumble?
Black upheaval of earth. . . .

We have acted on blind, selfish in-
stinct;
We have trusted to luck that runs
out;

We have committed our fortunes to a
curragh
As crisp as an eggshell, as light. . . .
We have trusted to luck that runs
out. . . .

With the cold of the dawn comes
reason.
A trembling seizes the frame and we
cough

With the damp of the fog that stifles
the sunbeams
And shrouds us and all of the earth.
Black upheaval of earth. . . .

Agast, our reasoning breaks and the
thread
Snaps like a cobweb, that wrinkles
and bends
To the flowing of air, of vibration, of
sound.

As we weigh the load in the opposite
scale.
Black upheaval of earth. . . .

Time, time alone will tell,
And time may be all that survives,
Save for poor beaten men
With smiles that are wry on their lips.
Black upheaval of earth. . . .

F.L.L.—

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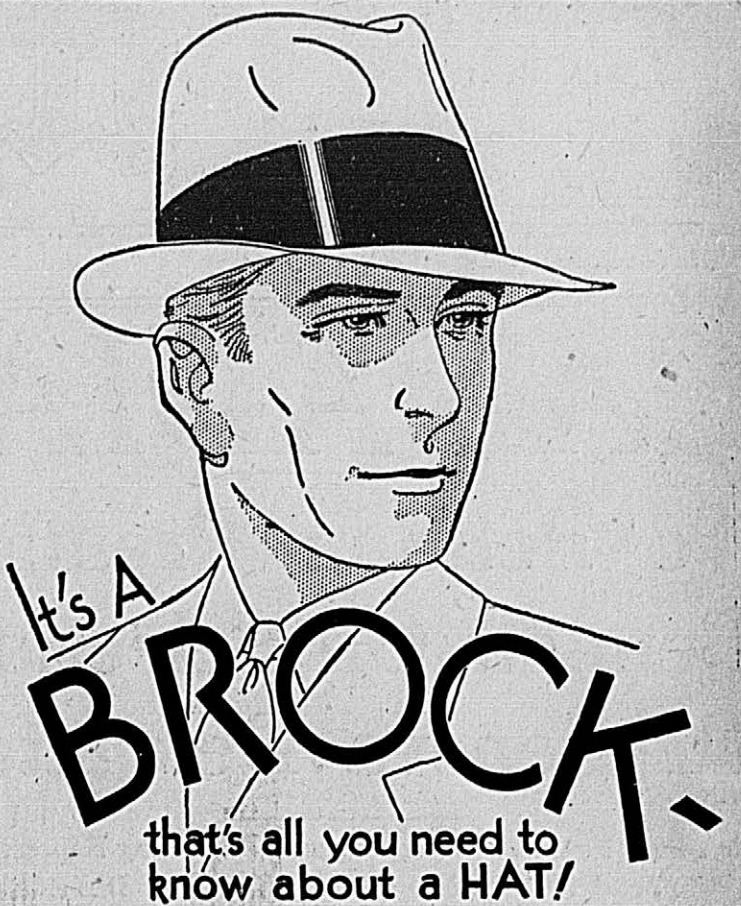
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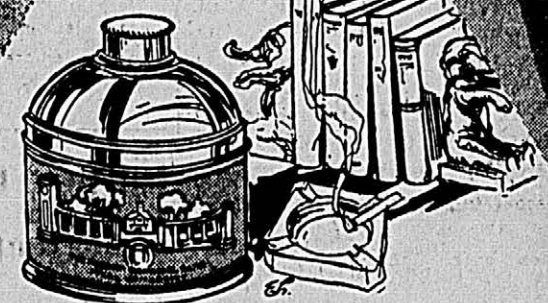
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Strong Varsity Track Delegation Threatens McGill

Adams and Kibblewhite Are Olympic Runners With Varsity

NO RUN-AWAY

Varsity runners concede McGill wins in the quarter and half mile events in the Intercollegiate track meet this afternoon at Molson Stadium an authentic report says. Otherwise the blue and white athletes expect to be able to place enough men to regain the laurels that they lost to the redmen in Kingston last year.

Ralph Adams, Olympic sprinter, is with the Varsity squad again, and he is expected to have little trouble in winning both his events. Adams is running just as fast (time as he did in the last Olympic games. Eddie Deer is the second sprint entry from Toronto, and his name is appropriate to his speed. He runs Adams a very close second.

Kibblewhite Will Race. Bill Kibblewhite, Olympic three-miler will be another crack performer for the blue and white this afternoon, and a great race is expected when he meets Goode, the ex-Cambridge runner now with McGill. On Connolly, 220 yd. hurdler, Varsity pin their hopes for another precious five points. Connolly equalled the intercollegiate record for this event in the Interfaculty meet in Toronto last Friday.

Decourcy Rayner, chief scribe of "The Varsity" sports department agrees with Coach Van Wagner. However, that the meet will be won by the second and third place victors. Meanwhile the McGill squad have not been idle, although they spent yesterday resting. Every man is in fine shape after a month's practice, and a summer of training for most of them. Charlie Drew, who has been responsible for 10 McGill points in every Intercollegiate meet he has entered, has recovered from his leg injury, and should be right up to scratch.

Relay Run on Saturday. The relay race is to be run on Saturday during the half-time intermission of the football game. All the teams are satisfied with this arrangement, as it looks as though the track may be slow after yesterday's rain. A new record is expected to be set up in this event if conditions are right.

With the Alumni Re-Union in full swing here now it also seems certain that a record crowd will view the meet. The near certainty of new records, and the presence of star runners in Edwards, Kibblewhite, Goode and Adams is an attraction to all track enthusiasts in Montreal. The meet will start at 1:30 sharp with the discus throw, the sprints following immediately afterwards. Coupon number 7 will admit students to the stands.

Red Net Players Lose At Kingston

(Special to The Daily.) KINGSTON, Oct. 15.—McGill had a bad day as three of the four singles players were defeated in the opening rounds of the tournament. Watt is now the only surviving player in the tournament, and is favoured to go through to the semi-finals. He showed great form today to defeat Hermant of Varsity in short order, 6-1, 6-1. He then went on to dispose of Grant, Queen's No. 1, and champion of Kingston.

The Summaries.—McMartin, McGill defeated Oakes, R. M. C. 6-0, 6-3; Carruth, Varsity defeated Cornish, R. M. C. 6-0, 6-2; Longtin, Montreal defeated Muir, Queens, 6-0, 6-1; Grant, Queens defeated Cape, R. M. C. 6-2, 8-6, 6-2; Watt, McGill defeated Hermant, Varsity, 6-1, 6-1; Marler, Montreal defeated Wattford, R. M. C. 6-1, 6-3; Emond, Montreal defeated Murray, McGill, 3-6, 11-9, 6-2; Boucher, Montreal defeated McIntosh, Queens, 6-0, 6-1; Griffin, Varsity defeated Wilson, McGill, 13-11, 3-6, 6-4; Longtin, Montreal defeated McMartin, McGill, 8-6, 6-3; Sheppard, Queens defeated Leibel, Varsity, 6-2, 6-0.

Students' Council Reconsider Plan To Abolish Daily

(Continued from Page Two) one of its active members, were only due. The existing system did not provide for this: the President, appointed by the Council from its own ranks, might be interested in the working of the Daily, or he might not. Nevertheless, he was the one link between the governing body of the students and their daily newspaper. Through him, not the Editor, that body had complete control over the finances and the editorial policy. Differences of opinion as to the manner of applying the retrenchment policy

Star Trackman



CAPTAIN EDDIE BROWN leads the McGill squad as they defend their track laurels this afternoon in the Intercollegiate meet with Varsity and Queen's.

College Crews Meet Tomorrow

Buses Leave Stadium At 4.10 For Race In Canal

WITH the annual McGill-Varsity boat race one day away, hurried and final plans are being made by the committee in charge. Ticket sales are proceeding well but there are plenty still to be had either at the Athletic Office or at the various buildings on the campus.

Arrangements were made to have the race held on Oct. 3, but due to the graduates it was postponed to the 17th. In order to coincide with the reunion which is taking place the latter part of this week, great interest has been shown to date and a large number of buses have been chartered. Some fifteen buses in all will leave the stadium at 4.10, over half of which have been sold out and the others are being filled up rapidly.

Time Improved. The red crew is continually improving and several seconds have been lopped off the best time trial to date. They feel confident that they can beat Varsity on Saturday afternoon. The Toronto men arrived in town yesterday and are staying at the Queen's Hotel where they return each noon and evening for their training table after a workout on the two mile course.

E. W. Beatty, Sir Arthur Currie and Canon Cody the new Chancellor of the University of Toronto, have been invited to see the race from the referee's boat. Both the crews will appear in new shells this year. The Toronto shell was designed by Professor Tommy Louden, the Varsity coach, and built by Sims, of England. These two new shells and their crews are being closely watched by those keenly interested in the sport, as the winner of the Intercollegiate fixture will no doubt prove a serious contender for Olympic honours next spring.

Take Lachine Car. Traffic regulations have been the subject of recent conversations with the local traffic bureau and the sponsors of the race are assured of co-operation by the police of Montreal and the various municipalities affected. Those pedestrians who wish to see the finish of the race on the North side of the canal take a Lachine car and get off at the Dominion Distillers. The course starts at the Cote St. Paul Bridge and goes westward for two miles, finishing one mile east of the lift bridge at Ville St. Pierre.

For those in automobiles it is pointed out that entrance to the North side of the canal will be from the West. The committee requests all cars parking on the North side to park parallel to the canal and not at right angles so as to avoid a traffic jam. The South

side of the Ville St. Pierre Bridge is closed to traffic from the West early in the afternoon. Private cars wishing to park on the South side of the canal bank on St. Patrick St. will have to come from the East. They will be permitted to park on St. Patrick facing East between Hamilton and the City limits of Montreal, which are at the M.H. and P. Coke Plant, for the first half of the course up until 4 p.m.

No Moving Cars. Those in cars will have to leave them and walk across the road to the edge of the canal to see the race. The buses will have the right of way and will follow the course from start to finish, it follows then that the best way to see the race will be from the buses. No moving cars will be allowed on either the North or South sides of the canal. After 4 p.m. St. Patrick St. will be closed to all traffic West of Church, and cars coming from the East will have to go round the block to any of the four streets running into St. Patrick, where they will be required to park their cars South of the main thoroughfare. It is suggested that private cars go straight down Atwater and cross the bridge at the foot, turning right and going along St. Patrick towards Cote Saint Paul Bridge.

Frosh Footballers Give Opposition At Final Practice

Hold Seniors To 10-2 Score With Fine Display

PLAYERS SHIFTED

Coach Shaughnessy drove the senior football team through a hard workout yesterday afternoon and evening as a final preparation for the annual clash with Varsity on Saturday afternoon. The squad looked much smarter than in any previous practice, and showed the season's record crowd of rull-birds some smart football in a scrimmage with the freshman squad.

Reg. Newton has been moved from outside wing to middle where he replaces the injured Roger Wilson, while Al. Krukowski is definitely established in the quarterback position. Doherty teams up with Hammond and Talph on the half-line, although Olker may replace Talph as regular. Both will probably see considerable action in the game.

Freshmen Give Opposition. The freshmen put up a real battle against the seniors, and held them to a 10-2 score in the 50 minutes played. The players were instructed to "go to it," and they obeyed orders. Consequently all the best plays were paraded, and several smart forward passes resulted. The freshmen kicked both their points, while two unconverted touchdowns counted for the redmen. An improvement was especially noted in the tackling, as Griffith and Calhoun were pulling them down hard and often.

Varsity arrive tonight to get the necessary sleep before they have to fight to pull themselves out of the Intercollegiate collar. As the McGillads are in the same position, Coach Shaughnessy promises that the fight will not be one-sided. Ticket Manager Scarlett also reports a sell out, which has not been the case here since the memorable game with Varsity here in 1928.

Joyous Escapades Abroad And Such

(Continued from Page One)

Well, as I said before, I was in time for the big boom. Having graduated, I joined a stock-broking firm, now defunct, with whom I had worked during my college summers, as an economist and statistician. But I, having a boundless faith in that New Era of Continuous Inflation, after the summer dog-days were over, decided to study one more year in England and on the Continent. This was during the champagne days of stock-brokerage, so the firm, having, in their turn, a boundless faith in the New Era of Continuous Inflation, arranged that I should do spare time work with their London and Paris correspondents—at quite a dignified part-time salary.

Those days in London, therefore, were really well-spent—and spending was an art in 1929. They were exciting days on Throgmorton Street—on the London Stock Exchange—and they were exciting days in that nest of socialist economists, the London School of Economics. There, having been one of the Editors of that stupendous creation, the American college daily, I was immediately pushed into one of the editorial chairs of their own terminal magazine. I suppose it was with the hazy idea of making something Bigger and Better out of it. And perhaps with some quite as hazy notion that Mass Production might help. My success may be gleaned from the fact that, due to certain revolutionary changes of my suggesting, changes upon which the students' council had not been consulted, we were all thrown clean out after the first issue.

Having, however, still a boundless faith in our powers—and this despite the fact (that the economic bubble had now burst, excuse me, I had called it a wave)—we produced, during the next term, a still more revolutionary magazine which we called by the dignified name of "The Blue Herring." Copies of this are no longer extant, as the first and second editions were quickly sold at 6d. each. The second edition, I might add, was necessary for self-protection, as we found that some serious charges of mismanagement which we made had once before been brought up, and the accused had been expelled. In our second edition, we mentioned this, naturally, and as a result, nothing did actually happen to us.

The life over there was delightful in its bohemianism—communist to secret society meetings, dinners in dingy Chinese and Turkish restaurants, casual meetings with actors—a group of us, for instance, had dinner several times with Anna May Wong and her Chinese male lead in a restaurant owned by him—meetings with Lord Beaverbrook, with the Prime Minister, with Andre Siegfried, the famous French Historian, wild midnight escapades with the

Si Whiffle Attends Third Q'n'nn'l Reunion

(Continued from Page One)

Parchesi Club. Natural, I was feeling prouder than the bride's father, and didn't give a tinker's gosh darn who knew it. Anyways, comin' out of the Art buildin' I runs smack into Steve Leacock.

"Mornin' Si," he bleats, "pretty cool for this kind of weather." I gives him the elevator boy's gaze, or the up and down: "Look here!" I exclaims haughtily, "a little less of that 'Si' stuff—Mr. Whiffletree, if you please!" He shut right up!

An' listen, Ed, how about me kickin' off at the McGill-Varsity game? I When Better Beds Are Built, Bimmons ain't lookin' for publicity mind, but

battleships! The last time I was up at the McGill, one of your reporters wished a young baby elephant on me. This gal was so fat, she had to wear automobile tires for garters; an' I'm a monkey's uncle if her sister wasn't so thin that every time she sat down on the sofa, she cut the plush!

An' you might fix up a bed for me in the Daily office. These here Montreal hotels ain't so comfortable, an' it's a crime how they charge—so jest a little bed. Make it a Bimmons Bed if you can. I sort of like their slogan, 'It's A Bimmons Built For Sleep'—When Better Beds Are Built, Bimmons Will Retire From Business." An' you



An' listen, Ed, how about me kicking off at the game? Will you speak to Shag about it for me? An' how is the old truck-horse anyways?

bein' a extra prominent graduate, I figures it would be all to the cream puff if I started proceedin' by addressin' the crowd on some such subject as the advisability of a political and commercial union between Bolivia an' Peru. Then, when the applause had died down, I would hoof the leather plenty!

Will you speak to Shag about it for me? An' how is the old truck-horse anyways? Why, him an' me were as thick as a couple frogs in a pail of mud back in the old days. Many's the time we lifted the elbow together down at the 'Pig an' Whistle. Boy, could we punfer!—I'll tell the whiff! The old suzz de-guzz sure knows his football, but leave me say he couldn't have done much if I hadn't invented most of his trick-plays. As him if I didn't give him most of his plays jest ast him an' see what he says!

An' listen, Ed, could you line me up a little R.V.C. ste to sort of wait around durin' the reunion—nothin' with expensive ideas, mind, for the law later ain't so brisk as it should be. Tell her I'll guarantee a good time at Majestic Hall, endin' up with a street car ride an' a couple coco colas at the Cozy Parlor Saturday night. Jest say it's Si Whiffletree an' everythin' will be okaa wooza. I wants a little wren—not one of these here

needn't worry about my meals. I'll jest get a few at the Union Cafeteria an' send the bill into the McGill Daily Journal Newspaper.

Well Ed, before signin' off, on behalf of myself an' my old man, I wants to take this opportune to welcome all the boys an' gals to the reunion. I'll be over to the Dean's office at the Faculty of Laws every day between the hours of 5 P.M. for the purpose of grabbin' lunch-hooks with all graduates, irrespective of religion or color of hair who wants to see me. Assa-um me at this, here reception will be several members of the greatest Law class that ever flunked a Bar exam en masse. Among those deservin' honorable mention will be "Buck" Buchanan, the Circuit Court King, "Sealsene" Phillimore, Old Joe Harold, "Shorty" Ryan, Clary McCaffrey, Attorney for the Amalgamated Lipstick Co., "Wild Murray" Hayes, the Conductors Delight, "Ga" Gallery an' a hostess of others too insignificant to name.

Ed, the Milk-Can Special blows in from Sims' Corners' Tuesday at 7.01 P.M. If a few hundred students was on hand, it would sort of bright things up. Try an' arrange it, will you Ed?

Faithful,
Si Whiffletree (Law '21)

Class Elections

Following are the class elections of R. V. C. '32: President, Margaret Dodds; Vice-President, Alma Johnson; Secretary-Treasurer, Christine Graham; Sports Manager, Merle Peden; Poster Manager, Eileen Parton; Annual, Kay Warren; Debating Society, Thelma Mitchell.

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Montreal, Friday, October 16, 1931.

"THE TIME HAS COME. . . ."

J. Gordon Nelles, Former Managing
Editor McGill Daily.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
And cabbages—and kings—"

THUS spake the Walrus to the Carpenter while the oysters gathered round. And the tale our dear Alice in Wonderland hears is strangely reminiscent of certain days at the end of October 1929. It is the tale of simple folk who gathered trustingly around the feet of a Walrus while he wept at the sad prospect of having to consume each and every one. In the poem they were all fat little oysters but in life those who flocked around the buzzing globe of ticker-tape were well—perhaps the poem isn't far wrong. The graduates of a few years ago were lucky; they came; they saw; they were wined out. Fate was kind; today the graduate will enter a world which will slowly move to another peak of prosperity and speculation and by the time it has—the crash of '29 will be practically forgotten save by those who lived through it.

To the university graduate of 1927 or '28 or '29 there has been an amazing change in the outlook since leaving college. It has been so decisive and so far-reaching that if he had disappeared at graduation and returned today he would be found gazing in unbelief. How could a world, particularly on this continent, which seemed so bounding with energy, so finely adjusted in economics and finance that hardly a business or an industry was not rising month by month to new peaks of production and profits, a world in which the comforts and fruits of an ingenious civilization were being distributed far and wide among all classes, and in which enlightenment and progress seemed to be guiding stars urging the people to greater efforts in the development of vast natural resources—how could a world such as this change overnight—and a paean of triumphant progress become a lamentation?

REFLECTION suggests many reasons to every-one. In fact only a little thinking makes one feel very wise because it is so easy to see where the world went wrong. And if one cannot see at the first glance a thousand economists and writers will soon tell him. After the crash the speculation of the market transferred itself to the economic writer and so the great debacle has been analysed to a standstill. A little knowledge of economics puts a man in possession of a verbal solvent which will explain almost anything that ever happened in the world. It is a manipulation of language, and no economic event can occur which cannot be analysed with supreme facility by the financial editors of a thousand newspapers and the highly paid statistical experts of innumerable institutions. In 1929 economics had risen to the level of a high art. The business cycles of the world and all the factors surrounding their occurrence had been reduced to charts and tables with mathematical precision. Statistics had been accumulated as never before. Every government and important business in the world had been linked to a chain of economic research bureaus which compiled and mused over statistics and opinions with a reverence that would have done credit to a religious fanatic. On this continent an unknown factor in economic trends was almost non-existent. Economics, once the dismal fetish of impractical academicians, had been sold to Big Business and Big Business had taken it over in a big way. Prosperity leapt ahead and statisticians ran panting in its wake. Students realised how Canada had crept up to lead the world in producing paper, producing wheat, was threatening the leaders in mineral output, and had harnessed great falls and rivers to turn the wheels of ever-expanding industries. And as for the men who led this march of progress, they were looked on as gods of rare sagacity.

But alas! their world gave way—

ECONOMISTS of eminence had said prosperity was firmly based; there had been depressions in the past but now prosperity was widely diffused everyone participated, and even Europe brooded tranquilly upon her problems. It was "a new era" and all the vast accumulation of statistics and opinions forecast no great economic disturbance. But the inevitable happened; and the bright-eyed college graduate was disillusioned along with the sage economists of Big Business—the men "who had been through depressions before." But we must say this: that to the close student, to whom economics was more a science than a magic lingo, the great reversal of prosperity need not have been entirely unexpected. There were a few voices

who did not join the economic fanfare of 1928 and 1929. In universities there were those who eyed the evidences of prosperity with much suspicion and who felt that it rested on artificial values and artificial stimulation of values. But the words of professors in those days—if they were against the trend—were poor meat for publicity or were motivated by communistic leanings. Idle it was for a professor to say that the world had gone mad on credit; if he thought so, and his university was dependent on the benevolence of capitalists, it was not good business for him to say so. And thus those who might have given sane advice to the distributors of credit and to the men who controlled the operation of monetary systems, had to sit and muse in silence. A few like Sir George Paish were "unattached" and made their views widely known for which they were dubbed chronic pessimists. But speculation on what might have been is idle. The encouraging reflection is that in some universities there was, before the crash, at least more light than in many brilliant halls of capital. And this brings out the fact, which should recur again and again to any keen observer: that in an intensely material civilization intellectualism has its last stand in the universities. We can only hope that financial stress will not bring them to their knees before Big Business and its wealth, because if it does—well—we shall try life on Mars.

AND so the recent graduate reflects a little sadly on the so-called practical economics and the charts of Canadian production in which the highest column was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In business now, he must only whisper of production peaks since the LOWER the output of minerals and the LOWER the output of wheat and the LOWER the output of many things is the point to be advertised. It is the over-production of so much that is keeping the prices away down and the profits away from the producer and the dividends and the jobs away from the consumer. But sometimes he also thinks of the human side and of how the fall of prosperity was accompanied by the fall of economic heroes and of pandemonium among the gods. He recalls how once there was an article written by Philip Guedalla describing the great men with which his school books had peopled his imagination and the change that came when he himself became a man and was able to observe at closer range the old romantic figures. He recalls how Mr. Guedalla discussed the situation and rounded off every few paragraphs with the same comment: "After a few years of writing and a few more of reading I am still wondering a little sadly about 'great men'—there used to be so many of them!" How true!

Of course it would never do for the dear graduate to turn around and become an iconoclast or a filthy idol-breaker. That would not be keeping on the right side of sanity, or, in fact, the right side of anybody. But he must be forgiven for occasionally muttering in his sleep: "But I have my suspicions!"—words which a comedian used at every opportunity in a recent well-known musical comedy. It is such suspicions however, that now and then make a pen itch to leave gentle humor to the gentle humorists and indulge in a little satire after the manner of the great satirists. To say what is not said, to write what is not written, to light up dark corners where no light has dared to penetrate—these are things which go on in this country, and to her misfortune. Bernard Shaw has said that one of his principal occupations is "to say what other people leave out." In Canada he would have a wide field. In England he is not alone; there are many men whose keen minds can reveal at once the canker and the worm because they are entirely independent of any human institution. In Canada there is hardly a trained mind which is not fettered by business, political or academic ties. And so literature in Canada has lost its function. It is ornamental, it is mildly entertaining, but it is not part of the growth of a great country. Literature is essentially an expression and a criticism of life. A criticism of life, to be penetrating and honest, demands courage, and courage is something that Canadian writers have not shown in their pens. They have taken literature at an angle; they have not dared to face its function squarely. Their ties to groups, associations, and institutions have meant more to them than their art, and when they die the great majority of them go unsung, and, by literary historians of consequence, unmentioned. There is only one Canadian who appears to criticize men and affairs in prose of courage and power and logic and who has been hailed by eminent English journals as a man of letters in the great tradition, and that is Sir Andrew Macphail. But unfortunately his periods of silence are too long, and the Canadian scene is too insipid to invoke much comment from his pen.

THUS Canada pursues her material way, and the lack of the leaven of literature, which has played such an essential part in the balanced development of other nations, becomes more pitiful every day. We are naturally inclined to look to our universities to produce this and so far we have been disappointed. Their contribution to the sciences has been above question and in advance of anything that might have been expected. But in the arts—ah—even the Encyclopedia Britannica demurs at the record. It is a pity, because never was a country more in need of the moral, the spiritual, the intellectual power and criticism which it is the function of literature to contribute to a nation's growth.

A New Zealander Who Brought His University? Great Prestige

In the early years of this century the Physics Building was the focus of attention at McGill. There Professor Rutherford, later Sir Ernest, and now Lord Rutherford, with a band of enthusiastic associates and disciples was making history in the realm of science. It is not for a mere Arts graduate on the literary side to attempt to speak of his investigations and discoveries. Radio-activity is, alas, only a mysterious name to such a one. But the humblest Arts student who failed in First Year Physics was proud in those days of being at the University where Rutherford worked. He brought us enormous prestige, the greatest since Osler had left us, and there were heretics, in Faculties other than Medicine of course, who believed that a greater than Osler was here.

To the student dazzled by this glamour, it was a bewildering experience to meet Professor Rutherford. He was a big, boyish, utterly unassuming person, with clear, merry grey eyes and a jolly laugh. A New Zealander by birth and early

Reflections In The Spectacles Of The Editor

Most grateful is the editor of this, the Daily Graduates' issue, for the warm reception accorded the child of his brain. Since that fine autumn day, two weeks ago, when the first suggestion was made, only the best of welcomes have been met. In downtown newspaper offices, on the Campus, everywhere. There have been the sending of a cablegram to Bull Murray, writing of several letters, many, many telephone calls, and never once was a cold shoulder turned. Members of the staff of McGill University, graduates of the institution, former Daily editors, undergraduates connected with this publication in many ways, even Finnie Fletcher, himself, who has to sell advertising to keep the "sheet" going, have met me with a smile.

In all this chaos, the birth throes of a single issue of this newspaper which appears 133 times each year—and has for almost twenty years—there have been interesting incidents. Reading between the lines in the copy submitted, some type-written, some in long hand, some barely legible, has provided many tender moments. Perhaps it is this, the quiet, mouse-like search for news, that brings that quality to journalism, which Stanley Walker, youngest city editor of an important American daily, likens to a mistress, and he draws a parallel similar to that in the well-known play of M. Perichon, when Perichon speaks of "la belle langue française."

Most striking example of this perhaps is the "bewildering experience" of the last quarter of a century as expressed in so many words by the author of a short, but not insignificant article appearing in this number. The author graduated as a girl with the class of 1905, one of the first co-eds of this university. We think that the depth of feeling with which she gave us this story, not its alleged lack of quality, prompted her to ask that we keep her name a secret. . . . And a journalist never betrays a confidence!

There is the whoop the editor gives when H. Carl Goldenberg appears with a ream of copy, allegedly "impossible," which turns out to be a gold mine, from our point of view. . . . Laurier, Abbott, Caron . . . such names still are news, even though Morris has become something rather for the historian.

That trio of legitimate newspapermen, Dave Legate, of the Montreal Star, and Dunc MacDonald, and L. S. B. Shapiro, of The Gazette, gave their protection to the spark that flames for this day.

There are George Brown, a schoolmaster for all his tender years, and Gordon ("Locarno") Nelles, who is now a financial editor and whose dearest ambition is to "write," . . . who could ask for better aides in any undertaking?

Members of the staff of the University, who lent their pens include Mrs. Vaughan, who like the late Professor Lafleur of revered memory, has a name of respectful endearment, viz., "Susan," and Algy Noad, still a reporter, hunting for a story in musty volumes, and Terry MacDermot, who set an example to later Daily editors by winning a Rhodes scholarship and going to New College at Oxford.

The list is long and the names many, if not legion. They include Dr. Percy C. Leslie, one of the earliest of McGill's Medical Missionaries to the lands of the heathen, who bore the first aid to the naked, understood a need greater, momentarily, than religion of the Western kind; the Rev. J. A. Mowatt, his friend in that field, Jimmy Manion, who started on one big career, rode the bumps, and started out again, and will see strange ports and foreign goods, before he returns to Canada for good; Dr. G. R. Lomer, our good librarian, a kind of genius; Ted Harris, long a Daily "live wire," who engineered the most dramatic change in the course of the McGill Annual, when he was its retiring editor-in-chief; Frank D. Genest, and Dr. J. E. Tremble, who abetted him in the dark deeds about Strathcona's Hall and Sims' Corners, Quebec; Miles Gordon, an advertising expert, student of that great lore that is Scottish History, the gripping stories of crones who did be thinking long, like Byrne's men of Ulster.

But Bill Murray heads our list of those whom we wish to thank—mostly for what he did twenty years ago.

We thank them all . . .

Last night, when you all were asleep, the Daily was in the throes, but we hope and pray that we have done better than the mountain that heaved . . . and a little mouse ran out.

Francis Llewellyn Lloyd, Arts '29.

education he was perhaps more approachable to Canadians than were the Dons of his adopted Cambridge. So great was the weight of his reputation, aided and supported by that of Professor Cox and their associates in the recently erected and beautifully equipped Physics Building, that for a time it seemed as though the light of science would quench all other light at McGill. Then it was that Professor Macnaughton, witliest and most original of all interpreters of the Classics, gave a public lecture in the R.V.O. Hall, and called it "A modest proposal for the retention in the University curriculum of a slight tincture of Letters."

In a recent issue of what is called a popular Canadian magazine a certain Ted Reave, a football satellite of the champion Balmey Beavers, felt moved to say that the "gang spirit" of the city teams could not be matched by all the college enthusiasm in the country. His reasoning was based on the fact that the city clubs monopolized the Dominion rugby finals. In doing so his "gang spirit" theme was made fairly clear and readers who have seen some of the city clubs in action probably know what he means and may recall that a little dose of "college enthusiasm" would possibly enlighten the teams that football was more a game than a business.

Graduates attending the present reunion are, by the way, heartily behind the move, initiated by the entire student body of McGill, to arrange their social activities with the greatest possible practical economy.

McGills Never Power in Scotland

(Continued from Page One)
In Scotland most of the later McGills with any claims to fame have been divines. One—the Minister of Kinross—had fame thrust upon him when, in 1718, his house suddenly became haunted. The spirits were quite playful, sticking the reverend gentleman's meat full of pins, clipping "a woman's gown-tail" and many other things not proper to mention.

Dr. Hamilton Montgomery McGill was a noted U. P. minister and Stevenson McGill became Moderator of the General Assembly. Dr. William McGill, who suffered for his presumption in propounding liberal views to an old-fashioned community, was a friend of Burns and is celebrated as the "Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac," of "The Kirk's Alarm."

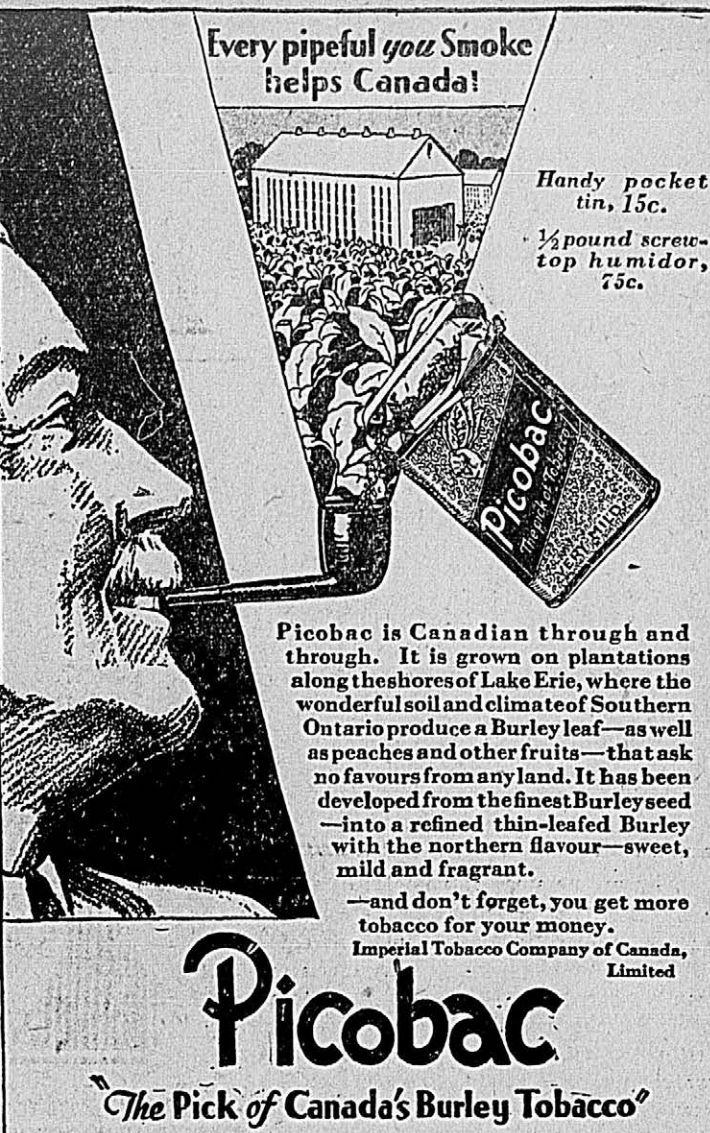
So the record of the McGills appears to be quite as creditable (or discreditable) as that of most families. The name has been carried with varying degrees of distinction by statesmen and warriors and divines. True, they never took the centre of the stage in the full glare of the foot-lights. Few gained more than a local eminence, but their name was assured of its immortality when, in the year 1811, a Montreal merchant who lived at Burnside House and believed in education made his will.

Student Tickets

Any students who desire tickets for the Friday night performance of "The Beggar's Opera" may obtain them from Miss Gray in Moyse at any time today. These tickets will entitle the holder to \$2.50 seats for \$1.00, and are good only for Friday night's show.

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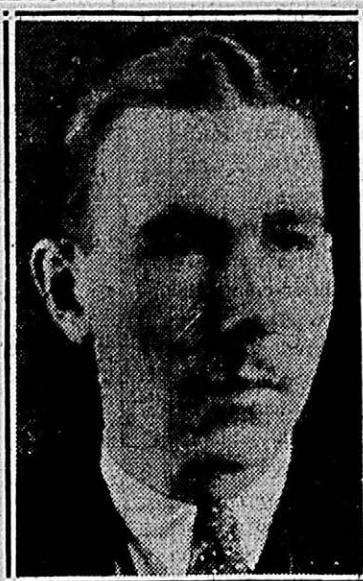
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Down To Brass Tacks

McGill's Greatest Athletes from Billington to McTeer



D. A. L. MACDONALD, Arts '27, alias Gridiron Gus, formerly managing editor and sports editor of the McGill Daily, and now of The Gazette, Montreal.

The Story of their endeavors as re-told by Gridiron Gus

TO write the complete story of what McGill's sons have done on the field of sport would take volumes; more pages than this reunion issue of McGill Daily could contain in all its six pages; the aim in this article must be, then, to touch lightly on some of the outstanding performances within the memory of recent graduates and tell in brief, the story of those, who, by their greatness, will always have a place in the annals of McGill's athletic history. For the others, their fame is perpetuated on the walls of the McGill Union where succeeding classes may see and know what greatness has been McGill's on the field of sport, an inspiration not in records broken or victories won but in fine sportsmanship and clean playing that has always been the true glory of the college that we can call our own. If illustrious names have been omitted from this article, then it must be only because the list is long, the glory great and the writer's memory (which goes back only to 1914) to blame.

A graduates' football reunion game with Varsity must bring to mind first the deeds of Eric Billington, greatest of all McGill footballers, who played for the red team in the years just before the war. There will be many who sit in the stands tomorrow who will remember the great Billington, there will be some who were fortunate enough to have played on the same team with him and the pity of it is that succeeding McGill teams do not know completely the story of what was probably the greatest triumph a red team has ever scored over a powerful and worthy foe, coming from behind to win when apparently all hope of victory had fled.

It was in 1912, in Kingston, when a gallant band of McGill warriors were being soundly thrashed by one of the greatest teams the tricolor ever fielded, that this amazing victory was scored. McGill entered the final quarter of the annual football game in Kingston, trailing, 19-4, and were being badly outplayed by the tricolor, mainly owing to the great kicking of Queen's two famous punters, Hazlett and Williams. Defeat meant elimination from the race and only a victory could put McGill into the play-off they subsequently earned, finally capturing the intercollegiate title from Varsity in the post-schedule contest in Ottawa.

BILLINGTON'S FAMOUS KICK

Eric Billington was at the peak of his fame then as the account of what happened in that last quarter will show. Two rouses from the boot of the great half-back brought the score to 19-6, but Queen's were still far, far ahead. Then George Laing, probably the greatest outside wing ever to sport a McGill jersey, intercepted a Queen's pass and ran for a touchdown. It was not converted, but the tricolor's margin was only 19-11 now and McGill were only starting. The try was not converted—but the fighting red team started a march toward Queen's goal which ended in a touchdown, which Billington converted, and now it was 19-17 for McGill with the final seconds ticking off only too quickly.

McGill won that game on the very last play of the contest: Hazlett kicked to Billington at center-field and the McGill half was shoved into touch. The ball was brought out ten yards from the side lines and there was time for only one more play. Then, with the intercollegiate title hanging in the balance, Billington kicked a field goal, from the most awkward angle, to give McGill the three points necessary for a 20-19 victory just as the whistle blew for the expiration of time.

That victory gave McGill a tie with Varsity in the final standings and in the subsequent play-off

at Ottawa, McGill soundly trounced the blue, 14-3 to win the championship. The old timers will tell you that there have been other great McGill football teams in her long history but don't you believe it. That McGill team of 1912 was the greatest of them all. There never was, and probably never will, be such opposition from Queen's and Varsity as McGill overcame that year to win the championship. The immortals that played on that team were: Lee, Draper, Billington, Paislev, Mason, Reed, Cruikshank, Montgomery, Timmins, Mathewson, Bignall, Waterous, Laing and Lewis.

What a magnificent player must have been Billington! The writer never saw him in action and his deeds are a glorious part of McGill's tradition, but the old grads who gather here this week can tell you all about him. How he could take a ball on the dead run after drawing the outside wings with a fake catch and tear through an open field, avoiding tackles and then return kicks with either foot for as much as 70-yard gains; how he could kick field goals for converts or greater scores with remarkable consistency and always his unerring backfield catches that were a constant source of annoyance to his opponents.

LAING'S GREAT PLAY

George Laing was another standout on that great 1912 team. They tell how Laing once chased an enemy ball carrier who was heading straight for the McGill goal, with no one in front of him and a sure touchdown for the asking, when Laing outfooted his opponent, grabbed the ball from under his very arm and raced back to centerfield before he was downed. Look back in the scoring records of the McGill teams of that time and see how many touchdowns this Laing scored. He was an outside wing and never carried the ball, but he must have picked up a lot of fumbled balls and converted them into five good points for the red team, if the records in Major Forbes' office tell the right story.

Since that time, some great footballers have passed through McGill. Montgomery, greatest of all McGill quarterbacks, if you exclude Sinc McEwen, who was his only peer; Buster Reed, the man who left his regiment in Montreal, when it was ready to go overseas, to play one last game for Old McGill in Toronto; Flin Flanagan, whom they used to carry off the field struggling badly to get into one more play after being laid cold by an enemy tackle; Major D. Stuart Forbes, himself, who once got a terrific poke on the chin, which laid him cold but was intended for an enemy halfback, only Chuck Waterous missed his target completely; Ralph St. Germain, who hobbled out of the field house late in one game against Queen's, snarling like the Saint always did when he was fighting mad to kick a point that gave McGill a glorious 12-11 win over Queen's; old Boro Manson and

Hammy Boucher, now practising doctors, who cracked more bones than they'll ever set; George McTeer, the wild westerner of most recent vintage, who won eight letters in hockey and football in four years at college; the McCombe twins, those terrors from Alaska—these men are the great traditions of McGill football history.

STARS OF THE CINDER PATH

The cinder paths of Molson stadium re-echo to as great a record-breaking history. Last Friday at the inter-faculty track meet Phil Edwards and Savage, the Loyola freshman, broke two records which J. C. Kemp, the fleet Thelog, set in 1908, but J. C. Morrow's record for the 100 yards has never been bettered in 27 years of interfaculty competition, nor has an entire generation of McGill track stars been able to lower his time for the 220-yard dash. Morrow's intercollegiate record for the quarter-mile also stands: It has been equalled only once.

Great names in McGill's track history too are those of J. J. McDougall, weight star of 1914 who still holds the record for the 16-pound hammer and shot; of Errol Amaron, who set a record for the discus toss in 1927, that has never been equalled, while he was winning his letters in indoor baseball, hockey, track, basketball and rugby; Jack Blomer, the Californian who still holds the intercollegiate 220 yards low hurdles, and Sid Pierce who took it into his head one day to become a hurdler and three months later lowered both the high and low hurdle marks in intercollegiate competition. Pierce has another record too, though little known. He once sank 45 consecutive pinks in the snooker game in the McGill Union.

MCGILL SWIMMERS

Water polo and swimming competition have seen McGill lead for almost as long as these events were part of the intercollegiate programme. First there was the famous combination of Frank McGill, George Hodgson and George Draper, and their mates, and later George Verhot, Forsyth, George Fiske, Laidey and still later Bourne to carry McGill colors in aquatic events. Bourne holds four records, all of which were set up in the same year. George Draper's football prowess may have dimmed his water polo fame a bit but the old-timers can't forget his trick of swimming under water, suddenly appearing before the enemy goal and scoring unopposed. He pulled this stunt three times in succession one night against Varsity until they had to make a rule stopping such tactics. Verhot and company later adopted the strategy, except that they kept within the laws of the game by passing the ball after a long under-the-water swim. McGill won the water polo championship for 13 straight years, dating from the start of the intercollegiate series in 1909 until 1925. Seven track titles were also won around the same time.

Only in hockey and in football has McGill been forced to play second fiddle to Varsity and in recent years the trend has been always toward McGill dominance in the major sports. Last year, the hockey team won the intercollegiate title for the second straight time and under Shaughnessy's coaching, McGill grads and undergrads hope that once again the football team will rise to the heights of its illustrious predecessors. Tomorrow against Varsity the McGill team will have its real test. Defeat will mean almost complete elimination from the race but with the support of its graduate body, the McGill senior football team will not go down without a bitter battle. That has been the tradition of McGill throughout the years of glorious athletic achievement.

Redpath Museum Co-Eds Sanctum

(Continued from Page One)

ably saved the situation when the sense of humour was lacking. To revisit one's University after somewhat more than a quarter of a century is a bewildering experience, especially if one is a woman. The woman student of to-day occupying place, and wielding power is superficially at least a very different person from her predecessor bound by restrictions and conventions.

The Old Order Changeth Slowly fighting for her place in a man's world. Memories and dreams

crash the gate of one's brain as if from another world,—and indeed they are! For former things have passed away with amazing rapidity during the past thirty years. We certainly have a new earth, there seems a good deal of uncertainty about a new heaven. It may well be a useful task for to-days undergraduate to overcome our uncertainties.

Engineering '34 Elections

At a meeting of the class of Engineering '34 the following officers were elected: President, Les Hutchison; Vice-president, Jack Butler; Secretary, Desmond Shortall; Treasurer, Howard Pope; Representative to Annual Board, Steve Wallace.

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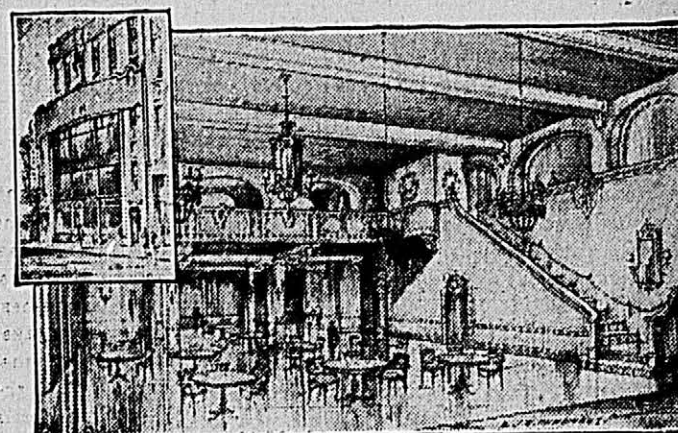
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When down town,
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After the game,
Our Special Dinner?

After the party,
Friday or Saturday,
Late Supper?



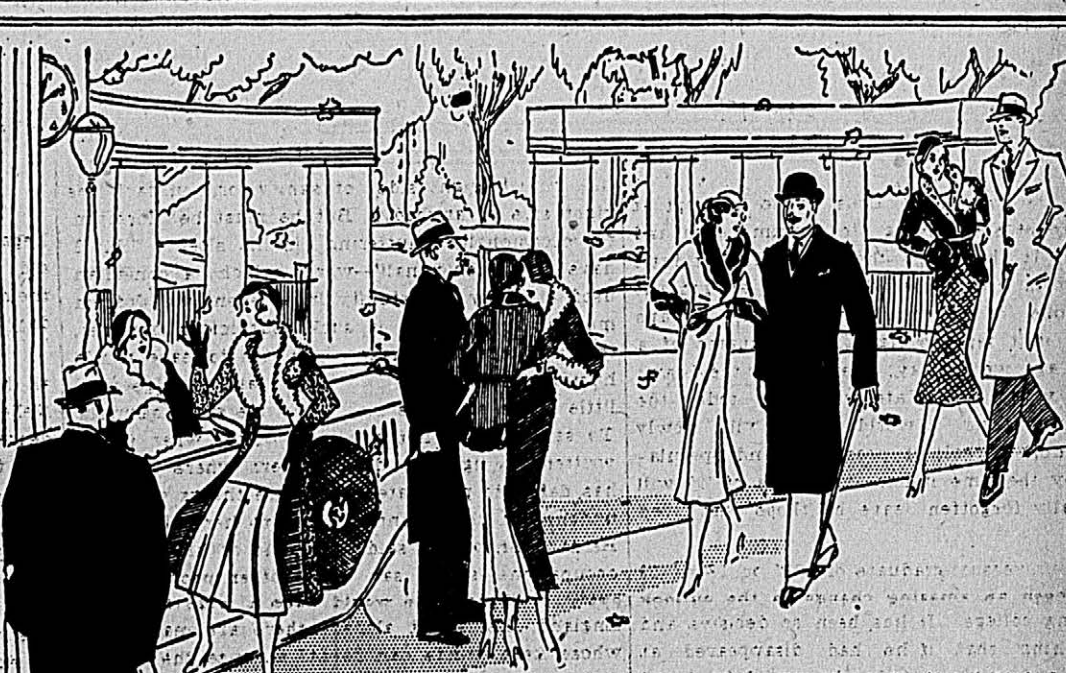
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Welcome Home McGill Grads!

Along with all the rest of Montreal, Simpson's welcomes you back to the City . . . back to the old familiar haunts . . . back to the happy hunting grounds of student escapades.

Walking along Sherbrooke Street . . . and up through the Campus . . . feeling the sun-warmed bleachers rock to the roar of your fellows . . . greeting old friends and recalling old times . . . may you recapture all "the glory and the dream" of undergraduate days.

M-c-G-I-L-L

What's the matter with Old McGill?

She's all right!

Oh, yes, you bet!

McGill! McGill! McGill!

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

McGill!

THE SIMPSON MONTREAL LIMITED

CREDO OF A COLLEGE JOURNALIST

By L. S. B. Shapiro

Let I be accused of poking fun at the college journal and the college journalist as though I were aloof from such "small time" affairs, may I point out that only three years back I was sitting in the sports room in the right hand corner of the Daily office—pipe in mouth, surrounded by pictures of pretty women in various states of undress, a hat with a turned down brim hanging nearby—swearing like a trooper at everyone who came in to interrupt me, in the act of typing out an epic, recording my observations on games with the finality of Grantland Rice, and using forty "colorful" adjectives in the first fifty words of every story.

As I type this out, while the building re-sounds with the noise of the presses grinding out the complete edition of "The Gazette" (Adv't.) a colleague of mine, R. A. C. Ballantyne by name, glances over my shoulder, as he has a particularly annoying habit of doing, and contributes drily (as he also has a particularly annoying habit of doing) "Well, how much have you changed since then?" And I must confess I haven't, perhaps.

With such explanatory introductions, let me record — for the first time anywhere, and probably the last — my credo of a college journalist, with the fervent hope that it may never change. Who would want youngsters to forego marbles?

He believes:

That journalism is a stepping stone to higher literary things.

That a newspaperman must wear a hat with a turned-down brim.

That he must do his reporting with half closed eyes and a grim mouth.

That he must smoke a pipe.

That if cigarettes are used, they must be suspended from the long lip, at the side of the mouth.

That pictures of pretty women, in the nude, must be strewn about the office.

That newspapermen can't be arrested.

That he must have a roadster.

Or else lack the money to take a street car.

That he must disagree with the editorials of any reputable paper.

That Heywood Brown is always right.

That journalism is a stepping stone to higher literary things.

That if a dog bites a man it's not news.

That if a man bites a dog, it's news.

That all newspaper offices are dirty.

That it is the cardinal sin to refuse a drink.

That he must use filthy language when talking to his colleagues.

That it is possible to live handsomely on a newspaperman's salary.

That if you see it in print, it must be true.

That a scoop cements a newspaperman's position.

That journalism is a stepping stone to higher literary things.

That a newspaperman must be drunk.

That he must doubt anything told him.

That he know the "inside" on politics and sports.

That he must always be determined to get out of the game.

That through pure love of it, he can't.

That his second act needs just a bit of touching up.

That every newspaperman must possess a type of dry humor.

That you can't put anything over on him.

That all newspapermen type with only two fingers.

That there's more money in the advertising game.

But more fun in the newspaper game.

That journalism is a stepping stone to higher literary things.

That all managing editors are grumpy.

That men on different papers are rivals.

That city editors are fearful.

That journalism is the greatest game in the world.

That it is a stepping stone to higher literary things.

To Petition Premier Bennett On Selection Of Geneva Delegates

(Continued from Page One)

which failure in that conference will impose on the youth of all nations, respectively but urgently request you as the head of our national government to select and instruct the representatives of Canada at Geneva as to ensure that Canadian influence will be exerted vigorously on behalf of significant reduction of armaments.

"We further suggest that there are persons of outstanding ability, not now identified with party conflicts, including two who have served their country as prime ministers, whose presence would both give weight to Canadian representations and reflect the serious thought of our best citizens; and we earnestly suggest that the delegation be in no case dominated by professional experts in the armed services, but by statesmen representing the higher aspirations of the world which were born of the Great War."

Matter of Convenience. That headquarters for this movement are at McGill University, it has been pointed out by the student authorities, is merely a matter of convenience. Toronto or Queens, Dalhousie or Western, Manitoba or British Columbia, might otherwise have had an equal place at the head of the organization. But that this is the case, means that the petitions will be cleared through McGill University committees.

Institutions whose students are actively participating in the movement include, from east to west, Dalhousie, Acadia, Mount Allison, McGill, University of Montreal, Queen's, Toronto, University of Western Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia. Each has been represented by student delegates.

Other institutions whose undergraduate bodies have been approach-

ed and who, it is understood, are strongly behind the movement, include Bishops College, Brandon, in Manitoba, McMaster in Toronto, University of New Brunswick, University of Ottawa and Laval in Quebec. It is also reported that an invitation is on the way to Loyola College in this city.

Local Action Today

Prepares For Mass Meeting Monday At Moyse Hall

McGill's 110-year-old Campus will see today the first outward signs of the student movement towards active participation at the Geneva Peace Conference next spring, when posters announcing the first meeting of the undergraduate body at Moyse Hall Monday evening at 5:15 will be placed.

The principal speaker, according to arrangements completed yesterday, will be Dr. Mack Eastman, formerly professor of history at the University of British Columbia at Vancouver. Dr. Eastman is a Canadian and is a member of the secretariat of the League of Nations. His subject will be "Disarmament and Security," and he will be seconded informally in his appearance here by Lt.-Col. R. P. Meredith, general secretary of the League of Nations Society of Canada, at Ottawa, while McGill's principal, Gen. Sir Arthur W. Currie, will introduce the speaker.

The first address will be under the auspices of the Department of Extra-Mural Relations, of which Col. Wilfrid Bovey is director, sponsored by the League of Nations Club and under the students' committee.

Following the first meeting, a series

of events in connection with the student movement will take place daily throughout the week. It is expected that the petitions will be in the hands of students in all faculties, schools and classes of the University, and will be circulated through a system of personal interviews.

Leaders At McGill

Students and Professors Allied For Agitation

Identified with the movement for petitioning the Premier of Canada, at McGill are the following prominent students who represent most activities and most sections of undergraduate life:

A. S. Marshall, editor-in-chief, McGill Daily; H. K. M. Heuser, president, League of Nations Club of McGill; H. Carl Goldenberg, president, Debating Union, associated with Maccabean Circle; J. Alex Edmison, president, Students' Society and chairman Students' Council; David Lewis, president, Labor Club of McGill, secretary Debating Union; J. S. Smit, former editor-in-chief, McGill Daily, vice-president Students' Society; C. M. Stewart, general secretary, S.C.A.; Fred V. Stone, one time exchange student at U.B.C. and member of debating team to Porto Rico; J. Gordon King, president McGill Union; A. M. Watt, former editor McGillad, and former president Arts U.S.; F. D. Mott, president Oiler Society; Doreen Harvey-Jelle, president McGill Women Students' Union; Ragnild Tait, volunteer observer at Geneva during the past summer; Marjorie Gowans, intercollegiate debater.

The following professors are also identified with the movement: Professor Fred Clarke of Education; Professor F. R. Scott of Law; Professor T. W. L. McDermott of History; Professor A. H. Gordon of Medicine, and others, approached but not yet heard from.

From Confederation On McGill Gave Canada's Leadership

(Continued from Page One)

the resignation of the first Macdonald Ministry.

Became Mayor of Montreal

In 1887 Abbott was appointed to the Senate, and was elected Mayor of Montreal. In 1891 occurred the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, and with the loss of his power and prestige the Conservative Administration began to decline rapidly. Sir John Abbott succeeded the Old Chief. He had to face the parliamentary session of 1891 known as "the scandal year." He resigned in the following year, after succeeding in restoring a certain union in the Conservative Party.

In 1861 Wilfrid Laurier, a graduate of L'Assomption College, registered in the Law Faculty of McGill University. He was an earnest student and maintained a good place in his examinations, "though," in the words of his biographer, Dr. Skelton, "for the comfort of those students who rather in instances of men succeeding in examinations and falling in the sterner tests of life, it may be noted that the one man who ranked higher was never heard of again." Laurier's address as Law Valedictorian at the Convocation of 1864 was his first speech ever delivered outside of a college debating club.

Regime was "Golden Era"

After graduation Laurier followed the fashion of the young men of his stamp in Quebec and entered the political arena. Elected to the House of Commons in 1871, he became Minister of Inland Revenue in the Mackenzie Cabinet in 1877. Ten years later he succeeded Edward Blake as Leader of the Liberal Party. In 1896 he became the first French-Canadian Prime Minister of Canada—a position he continued to occupy until the famous Reciprocity election of 1911. The years

Algy Noad



Only man ever to hold twice post of Editor-in-chief of McGill Daily who reviews its history in this issue.

Students' Council Reconsider Plan To Abolish Daily

(Continued from Page Three)

This was H. R. Morgan, now a successful newspaper man in his native town of Brockville. Morgan, who became Editor in 1915 and President in the following year, was well fitted by temperament and previous training to lead the Daily to some of its most conspicuous triumphs. During those war years of 1915-17, while every other college activity but the C.O.T.C. was languishing or collapsing, the Daily grew ever more complete, more reliable, and more authoritative. This advance may be laid almost entirely to his credit. The hawk-like eye of our editor never missed a McGill name in the lists of casualties or promotions, and his memory, backed by certain M.S. books that were the wonder and despair of his staff, never failed to supply the necessary data as to life and achievements. More than once, as a result, the Daily was able to score a "scoop" over the city papers.

Makeup Becomes Fixed Under Morgan's Direction, too, the

of the Laurier regime are still known as the "Golden Era" of Canadian History. This graduate of Law '64 continued to lead the Liberal Party until his death in 1919, after forty-eight years in the House of Commons. Of him it has been written: "His instinctive honor, his kindness and forgetfulness of self, that shining out of nobility and distinction of character which men called magnetism, made every man who entered his presence a better man for it."

Famed Medical Leaders

A contemporary of Laurier introduced the first Canadian Pacific Railway Bill in the Dominion Parliament. It was Sir James Alexander Grant, Medicine '54. A leader of his profession in Canada, he was physician to the Governor-General, and in 1887 was elected vice-president of the World Medical Congress. Prominent in politics, it has been said of him that "his name stands deservedly high in the medical and scientific circles of the Empire." In like manner Sir Thomas G. Roddick, Medicine '68, distinguished himself in his profession and in Parliament. A winner of the Holmes Gold Medal, he later became Professor of Surgery. He was one of the first Canadians to receive personal instruction from Lord Lister in his methods of dressing wounds antiseptically, and in 1896 was the first colonial to be chosen President of the British Medical Association. In the same year he was elected to Parliament.

Sir Adolphe P. Caron who was for fifteen years Quebec's senior representative in the Conservative Governments (1880-1896) was a graduate of Law '65. A contemporary of Laurier, Abbott and Caron in Parliament was Donald MacMaster, a member of the class of Law '71, who won the Elizabeth Torrance Gold Medal. He became a leading counsel in Montreal and appeared in many causes celebres before the Privy Council. He was subsequently admitted to the Ontario Bar and in 1906 to Lincoln's Inn. He was a member of the Ontario Legislature from 1879 to 1882, and of the House of Commons from 1882 to 1886. In 1910 he was elected to the British House of Commons, where he closed a distinguished career at three Bars, in three Parliaments, and on both sides of the Atlantic.

In International Politics In the field of international politics, Charles J. Doherty, Law '76, was one of the Canadian signatories to the Treaty of Versailles of 1919. A Justice of the Superior Court for fifteen years, he was Professor of Civil and International Law at McGill, and in 1911 became Minister of Justice in the Borden Cabinet. He was one of Canada's representatives at the Versailles Conference and an original Canadian delegate to the League of Nations Assembly.

It may appear that McGill's graduates in Canadian public life have in the main been selected from a restricted group—the Faculty of Law. Yet it is to be remembered, as an essayist has written, that "we are all, in so far as we are debtors, creditors, tradesmen, customers, husbands, fathers, sons, or taxpayers, members of the great society of the law, even omitting the smaller, esoteric group of the barristers, solicitors, and jurymen."

present make-up and style of print were fixed, and the editorial column assumed its present appearance. In fact, it would hardly be going too far to say that in many essentials the Daily as we have it today was his creation. Heaven knows how many hours of work he put into it.

T. W. L. MacDermot, now a member of the History Department at McGill, was Editor for the early part of seas his place was taken by T. J. Kelly. Both men worked hard, along with Morgan, to obtain from the Council the measure of autonomy they felt was necessary for the Daily, but without success. The old system worked fairly well as long as the President was an ex-Daily man and took the affairs of the paper to heart, and most of the undergraduate leaders were against any change.

1917-19 Lean Years

The years 1917-18 and 1918-19 were lean years. College activities were almost at a standstill, inter-collegiate sport non-existent. The war and what it was doing to McGill graduates and former students were uppermost in everyone's mind. "News" had to be pursued vigorously, with a depleted staff, but even when obtained it was sometimes felt to be hardly worth while. The big things were happening elsewhere. K. P. Isolainos, President in 1917-18, A. I. Smith, who succeeded him, and A. S. Noad waged war in turn to obtain the desired concessions.

The anomaly in the position of the Daily turned upon the following point. The "public" to which the paper addressed itself was the undergraduate body. The publishers of the Daily were the Students' Council, the official representatives of that body. In other words, publishers and public were for all practical purposes one. Hence, as long as the editorial column was under the direct control of the Council, yet the Daily unrepresented by one of its active members on that board, it could never be used to mould student opinion, or to express views that might be novel or displeasing to the mass of undergraduates. This surely was a bad state of affairs.

E. S. Mills President

Finally, in the season of 1919-20, an important victory was won. In that year, E. S. Mills was appointed President from the ranks of the Daily staff, and took his seat on the Council as the official representative of the college paper. A. I. Smith, one of the veterans of Daily service, was Editor; he was succeeded, when press of college work forced his retirement, by J. N. Peterson.

From this time on, the ultimate establishment of the present arrangement was made inevitable. The overlapping of the offices of President and Editor was removed in 1924-25 when the Presidency was abolished, and the Editor given a place at the Council table.

According to the Daily constitution today, the Editor has complete control of his editorial column, and the opinions expressed there need not be those held by the Students' Council as a whole. Since he sits upon that board, he can always make explanations directly to it concerning any policy adopted by him. The Editor is generally a man who recognizes his responsibility, and makes good use of the autonomy which has been won after such a long struggle.

Those of us from the "old guard" who revisit the office and watch the well-coordinated activity going on there may sometimes sigh for the dingy, smoke-filled room of other days, void of partitions and unvisited of R.V.C. contributors. Those other days are gone, however, and will assuredly never return. We should be foolish not to recognize that the increase of organization, and the admission of women to the office, have been rendered necessary and right by the change of circumstances the Daily continues to advance; long life to it.

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